

Good Morning S82

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sight, Smell,
Taste, Touch,
Hearing, all deceive
us. Nobody knows
why, says
C. N. DORAN

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



THIS time last year I wrote about my first visit to H.M.S. "Forth." I have just paid my second visit, and I cannot write about it—not much, anyway.

You see, it's like this. Last year I hadn't heard of "Sippers"—this time I had—see what I mean? I think there's a word for people like me, who always seem to turn up in time for a wet—but it just goes to show that the evil of drink is stronger than the will of such weaklings as myself.

I went primarily to "Forth" to introduce a new photographer colleague to the submarine service. It was a splendid idea, and it worked out well. While Shorty Wilson (ylept "Fuse," from his propensity for blowing out lighting circuits each time he tries a flash) was taking photographs in the various messes, I was busy satisfying myself that Navy Rum was fit for consumption by submariners. It was.

Now, I said I couldn't write very much about that trip, but don't put it down to my incapacity—for rum. In the afternoon gin seemed to be the vogue (I hate to be out of fashion) and in the evenings—every evening—it seemed the gentlemanly thing to soak sufficient "half and halves" to float a flotilla of submarines. . . Is that tradition, by the way? Did Nelson or someone do it?

However, the haze is lifting (I've been on normal diet for two days again) and I'm beginning to remember a thing or two.

There was a mad place where a woman screeched and cymbals or something sounded—where sailors and nice little girls in short skirts stood close together and propelled themselves round and round and round until they got back where they started. There was another continuous noise there, too—like some people thumping a door as though they wanted admission (couldn't have been that, of course—no one would fight to get in there—that's just a figurative expression).

I was happy there—I had some descendants of the Bard of Avon on each side of me, so I was safe from falling, in spite of some mine-laying marauders, who, used to living in a vessel the size of a palace, persisted in plunging and pushing.

But my peace was short-lived—my rum and gin and half and halves were wasted—I was as sober as a sailor (!) at 10.25 a.m.

One Bill Britton tore so many strips off me I looked like a banana out of its skin. P.O. Tel. Joe Lewis and some other Unshaken gentlemen wrote to me once advising me that I was a

brownhatter (I'm not, but Mr. Britton named me Feuhrer of the Flannellers.

This very good guy gave me the first honest criticisms of "Good Morning." I have ever had, uncompromisingly destructive, but I suppose constructive, too, when proper use is made of them.

Bill and I met again next night, and we exchanged an agreeable pint or two at the Crown. He introduced me to blokes like Leading Cook Peppard, A.B. Taylor and others, and I hope we meet again. That Glaswegian is a good 'un, and in spite of my Cockney nature, he, and if it comes to that, all his shipmates whom I met, would be the kind of guy I would be proud to call shipmates. They can dish it out—but I know well that they can take it, too—they did.

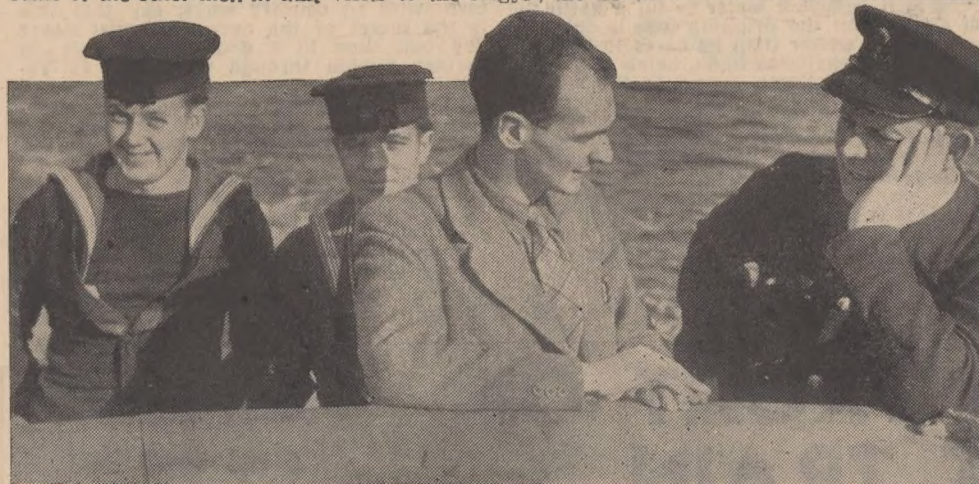
That memory has passed again for a moment, and I can see another scene—my two old friends, Sam Lawton and Dick Phillips are introducing me to their Cox'n and some of the other men in that

I would like to do something in way of publicity for those girls—their work, from a civilian vantage point, anyway, is admirable. The girls who drive those boats all night, defying pneumonia, are deserving of far more attention and gratitude than they ever get.

That, of course, is not a local failing, nor does the blame rest locally. It is the failing of the department that luxuriously reclines under the tag of Public Relations. Their relationship with the ordinary public is as close as that between the average husband and his mother-in-law.

My memory flashes again—I recall another high-light of my trip—it concerns the "Bishop" and the Captain and spiritualism, Masonry and religion. That serious, sober session was illuminating. Three open minds, a packet of Players and a winter night. In many ways I learned a lot that night.

The canteen, where I spent my last evening up there, other visits to the Argyll, the Crown



Chaplain Bulstrode gives low-down to Ron Richards on speed boat leaving H.M.S. "Forth." Now look at pictures on the back page.

"T" boat. They are taking in torpedoes and I got in the way. I'm sorry about that—I just didn't know where to stand. By the way—did the pin-ups ever filter through from the Ward-room?

Then my mind goes to the Wrenery—I was corrected for using that word by a "one-o"—we didn't stay long, but got a few photographs. I said a few, because although I believe all W.R.N.S. to be charming, some are easy to look at, too.

and the Pavilion, the friendliness of everyone and the unestimable help of our liaison officer, all flash back to me.

There was Regulating Cox'n Len Ashman, to whom I owe heartfelt thanks for his introduction to the Mess Decks and the P.O.'s Messes, and his brotherly help and toothless smile.

And the one man to whom you and I owe so very much—"Bish" the greatest guy I know—"Bish" Bulstrode—Chaplain

DON'T TRUST YOUR SENSES

DON'T be so sure that you can trust your senses. They may play you false; and they often do.

Professor Stratton some time ago made a curious experiment which trips up much of our accepted theories about the human eye. How often do you say, in regard to some visible phenomena, "Can't I trust my eyes?"

Well, you can't, sometimes. The Professor was well aware that the picture of the outside world is received by us on the retina of our eyes upside down and that things are seen as they really are only after the rectification of the image in the brain.

He constructed a system of lenses that made everything actually appear upside down to the eyes. He placed one eye to the lenses and covered his other eye so that it was blank. For a week he kept doing this. At first he saw the images upside down; but on the fifth day he was surprised to find that he saw them the right way up. But he had the feeling that he was standing on his head!

By the seventh day the standing-on-his-head feeling had gone and he actually saw things right side up, although actually he should not have done so.

He came to the conclusion not only that our sense of sight can deceive us, but that it can adjust itself to any circumstances and rectify itself, too.

Surgeons have proved that the brain is not the supersensitive thing we often think. It is possible to stick a pin into the brain without doing any harm, so long as you avoid certain areas. It seems impossible, for instance, to change or injure

that part of the brain—the "silent" area—where resides it is said, the seat of character, reason and memory.

But by stimulating certain muscles you can change a brain's output, so to speak. It goes against all reason, but a specialist can set muscles in motion that will make the brain do the most unexpected and extraordinary things. In other words, you can't trust it.

People talk often about having a "weak" heart. Do they realise that the heart is the toughest organ of the body? Records have been taken which prove that the human heart is the most efficient machine in existence.

In a healthy adult it beats at the rate of about 72 times a minute. The work done in a single day is so great that it could, by the same energy, move a ton weight about 20 yards! It could lift a human body 300 yards.

In the course of a 70-years' life the heart has pumped 270 million pints of fluid through the veins. Yet this wonderful organ is only 300 grammes in weight, and uses very little fuel. All it requires is 5cwt. of sugar for about 20 years' work. It is the most perfect motor in existence!

Maybe we underrate the achievements of our senses because we are apt to compare our senses with those of animals. In civilised people the sense of smell is so poorly developed that it sometimes is almost non-existent; but even when it is very acute it often betrays its owner.

Recent experiments took place to work out the ability of people to smell perfumes. Into a large vessel a quantity of scented material was poured; but although the scent was strong, many

people made a mistake when asked what it was. It was not that their sense of smell was defective. It was just over-charged—in other words, drunk. And it gave the wrong answer.

Camphor, for instance, can be smelled in a quantity of one-16-billionth of a gramme in a cubic centimetre of a carrying fluid. Other scents can be detected in one-4-billionth of a gramme.

When you hear that shipwrecked men can go without food, you may be surprised to learn that a normal healthy human being should be able to fast for between 20 and 30 days without succumbing. It all depends on the man, of course, but that is normal.

The fact is that the human body, in ordinary times, stores away food which can be called emergency rations, consisting mostly of fat, for just such emergencies. And time and again it has been proved that individuals can fast far longer than even doctors expected them to do. The senses deceived both patients and physicians.

Our sense of taste, and that of touch, are constantly playing tricks with people. An experiment was carried out with patients whose eyes were bandaged. They were given a pill, all the same kind. One said it was composed of salt, another of arrowroot, a third of aniseed, a fourth of rhubarb. The pill was nothing more than flour.

They were given the same pill, when they saw the pills. Their answers were all mixed up and none was right.

What is the cause of our senses betraying us? Nobody knows. So don't trust to them—not too much!

St. Paul Says:

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies,

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, like-minded having the same Rejoice in the Lord alway: love, being of one accord, of one mind.

Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.

Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.

Let this mind be in you, which was also Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

And the God of peace shall be with you.

Home Gossip for L.Sto. James Lucas

WE nearly tripped over your wife when we visited No. 2, King Street, Rothesay, were last home.

So you are a townie of this writer? Shepherd's Bush was looking pretty well when we saw it some weeks ago, and more up-to-date news comes from Mrs. Billings, who sends best wishes to you, and says you had better get along and see her next leave or she will be writing to an Admiral or someone.

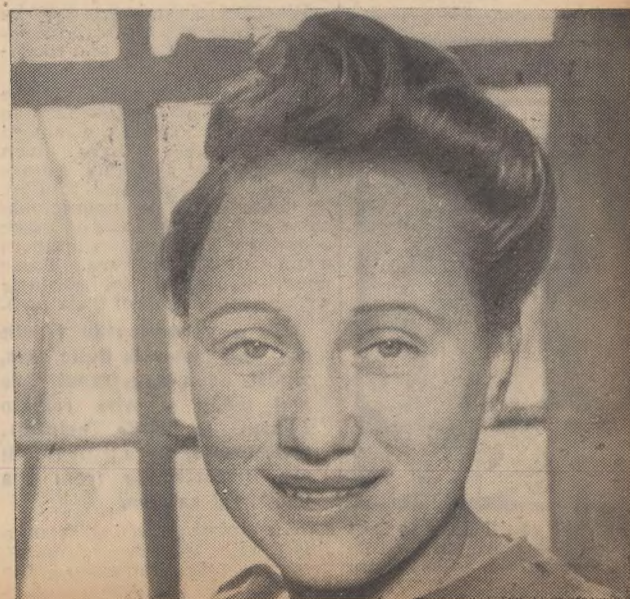
Remember Bob Hayes and Curly? Well, you might be seeing them soon. They have left these sunless shores for your part of the world, and your wife guesses that it

won't take you long to find a place that is something in common with the "Harbour Bar."

Your wife's father is expected home soon, and it's just possible that Angus might be able to get away from Ceylon on a boat heading homewards.

Tom, as you probably have heard, has got a dose of fever, but he's coming round, and with any luck he, too, might get a trip to Blighty. The final news brief comes from Bill Pawson; he is still taking some photographs, and sends very best wishes.

Mrs. Lucas signs off with fondest love, and says come home soon, or else . . .



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WATER DIVINING BAFFLES SCIENCE

Agree Brains Trust

IS there anything in water-divining, and if so, what is the scientific explanation?

This question is discussed by a Geologist, a Physicist, a Water-diviner, and a Surveyor.

Geologist: "Not so very long ago water-divining was classed by scientists with astrology, fortune-telling and magic, as a groundless superstition. But a more critical examination of the evidence has recently caused them to modify their views. It now seems probable that water-divining, as a phenomenon, does actually occur, though—"

Water-diviner: "Thank you! I earn my living by it!"

Geologist: "—though there is no satisfactory scientific explanation."

Surveyor: "I haven't the least doubt that water-divining occurs."

"I employ diviners more often than I consult geologists when I want water, for the simple reason that they are more often successful."

"The Army, too, often employ diviners when seeking a suitable locality for a permanent camp."

Water-diviner: "I think the reason why we diviners come under suspicion is that our art depends on a special faculty which the majority of people do not possess."

"When the scientist comes to test our claims himself he finds he does not succeed."

"The attitude of the geologists towards us used to be precisely the same as that of the doctors towards the osteopaths."

Geologist: "Well, that is not so any longer, for many geologists have found that they possess the faculty of divining, and one in particular, Dr. Dollar, actually performed a mineralogical survey of Lundy Isle by divination, and afterwards confirmed its correctness by the usual geological methods."

Water-diviner: "I don't know what method Dr. Dollar used for divining his minerals, but most people would be surprised to know that no two diviners go to work in the same way."

"I use a forked hazel-twig, but many cut themselves an old stick from a bush, or use a piece of wire."

"Others, again, don't use a divining-rod at all, but rely entirely upon an inner sense."

Physicist: "There have been several proposed explanations of water-divining, and I think the most promising is that which ascribes a peculiar sensitivity to minute electric currents in the diviner."

"The surface of the earth is a maze of electric currents whose strength and paths depend on the minerals and water in the soil and rocks."

"These currents can be measured with suitable apparatus, though nothing has yet been invented which will successfully divine water at a

great depth, which is what the diviners are able to do."

Surveyor: "I have seen a diviner walk slowly over a field with his twig held out in front of him with both hands."

"Then, quite suddenly, the twig would start to jump about, and the diviner would not only declare that water was to be found there, but also give its depth down with reasonable accuracy."

"They tell me that the twig just jumps. There is no electric shock or anything like that."

Water-diviner: "There is no shock. But it is a little misleading to say that the twig jumps about."

"What happens is that there are twitches in the arm-muscles of the diviner, and he holds the twig in such a way that his fingers intensify them. They are then seen in the movements of the twig."

"It sometimes happens that they are so violent that the twig seems to twist the hands right back till it is pointing to the chest. Really, it is the hands which move the twig."

Physicist: "The earth-currents are so slight that one would not expect to receive a shock."

"The energy of the movements is probably entirely muscular, the earth-currents acting as a mere trigger."

"They possibly cause sympathetic currents in the spinal cord or the brain, where, given a sufficiently sensitive organism, almost anything can be believed to happen."

Water-diviner: "The idea of sympathetic currents is very interesting, because a friend of mine was once told that his powers were due to electric currents running up his legs from the earth, and so he insulated himself by wearing rubber boots."

"He found that his powers of divination were not in the least affected."

Geologist: "The general position is that science has accepted water-divining, but has no really satisfactory explanation to offer. We are no nearer a solution than we are to many spiritualistic phenomena, which science also accepts, with certain provisos."



Where the Pavements End MARSON MARTIN'S COUNTRY CALENDAR

UP in the Plack, the high ten-acre field beyond the churchyard wall, they're pulling wurzels. Big, plump roots, they are, sure sign that they've had plenty of something good under them. How good and how much can be judged from the fact that after the field had received its last harrowing, the wisps of strawy manure were still sticking up all over it like the stubs on a plucked rooster.

And this morning Felix chuckles to himself, for his eyes tell him that the hard work of the muck-spreading has not been in vain. It's well that he should start this particular day feeling pleased, for much labour lies ahead. Pulling wurzels from holding clay is work to try the stamina and temper of a man. And it's wet work, too. Each crown of fleshy leaves seems to have stored in it sufficient water to fill a kettle; and striking off the dripping tops is apt to make a man wetter than he cares to be.

Against the sheltered bank, below a thorn hedge, the long clamp grows as the early dusk descends. Eighty yards of it or more, there'll be, before the last rows are carted; already the twists of straw that provide the ventilation march down it like rows of chimney-pots.

And on the frosty February morning when it is opened, there, growing out of the yellow scars where the trimming knife struck will be the pale violet fronds that sprouted, shut away from the light, in the warm secrecy of the clamp. It will be bitter-cold work opening that clamp and

shovelling the steaming roots into the farm cart, while the horse blows smoke from its nostrils at each breath. . . .

Below the Plack a deep lane leads to the rickyard. To-day it is dry and crumbly in the deep ruts left by the cart wheels. But under the spreading oaks the ground is puddled. Great drops of moisture have been lopping off the trees since the November sun struggled through at ten-ish. And anyone climbing that lane with an observant eye could not fail to notice how the biggest puddles and the softest mud lie directly under those oaks which are half-strangled with climbing ivy. It seems that the broad, cold leaves of the ivy are singularly adapted to this helpful process of condensation which contrives successfully to water the earth when no rain falls. Many men, wise in country ways, say that this is the secret of the dew-ponds that never dry out, even in a drought, although no springs bubble through the earth to replenish them. . . .

In the muddy ruts under the oaks some ears of wheat have sprouted and are now some three inches high. Brushed off the wagon by the overhanging hazels, when the men were carting in late August, each ear has produced a comb of pale green shoots along the whole length of the withered brown ear.

Each individual grain of wheat has burst in the warm mud to start once more the endless cycle of growth, maturity and decay. . . .

GET IN FRONT OF THAT TRAIN

IN the first of this series I mentioned high-speed photographs taken at less than one-millionth of a second. The equipment necessary for such feats makes them available only to the scientist. However, most modern cameras are capable of taking first-class action shots if used correctly.

Blurring of the image may be put down to two kinds of movement; camera shake and movement of subject.

Opinions differ regarding the maximum exposure that may be given whilst holding the camera in the hand. I have given 1/10th sec. on a 2½ inch square negative and enlarged to 12in. by 10in. with no appreciable signs of blur, but have on other occasions noticed shakiness when using 1/25th sec. These were, of course, for subjects with no movement of their own.

As a general rule 1/20th sec. and faster is quite safe, whilst, even with great care and using a wire release (which is quite helpful), exposures of more than 1/10th are impracticable from the hand-held camera.

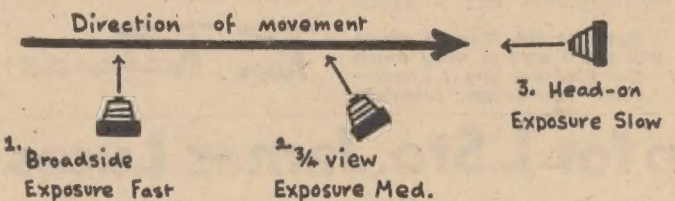
When photographing from a ship with engines running, never rest the camera on the rail, but hold it in your hand to

deadens the vibration. It is advisable even then to use an exposure of 1/25th or less.

When it comes to subject movement, we again have two classes. Close-ups of such things as divers in mid-air, horses at the finishing post, and Joe Louis's knock-out punches in full swing, can be dismissed by saying, "Give all you've

results greatly in order to discern a minute image.

When possible, get near the direct path of the moving object; i.e. in front or behind. Broadside take shortest exposure, three-quarter views (from port or starboard bow, if you prefer it) are often favourable, but the head-on view will stand up to surprisingly long



got." They are curiosities rather than anything else, and are rather out of the scope of the cheaper shutters.

The greatest difficulties are those that confront the owner of a very modest camera. Rules again, I fear, are chief instruments in solving their problems.

Never get closer to the object than you must. The further you are away the more exposure you can give without signs of movement. Of course, this is useless if you have to enlarge the

DEREK RICHARDS gives some tips on high speed Photo work

It will be found that very many fast-moving objects pass through this stage of comparative immobility—the high-jumper at the top of his jump, the boxer before his knock-out blow starts its forward journey, the tennis player a moment before he swings into a serve.

At that moment you can use any reasonable shutter-speed and capture all the excitement of a super-speed shot.

NO ENCORE

UNABLE to pay his fine, a local drunk, sitting in his cell at Goldboro, N.C., saw a rat, with something in its mouth, appear through a hole in the wall.

He stamped his foot, the rat dropped a 10-dollar bill and vanished. Calling the jailor, the drunk paid his fine and walked out.

Buying more whisky, he was back again the same night—but the rat did not return.

Commando Worm is Tough

Says T. S. Douglas

AN American agricultural expert has developed a "Commando worm" which he believes with careful development will become one of our most important instruments in restoring the fertility of devitalised land.

The worm is tougher and stronger than the ordinary garden worm, and is able to live on barren ground. Merely by living in the ground, it gradually turns it into rich soil.

Even many gardeners are not aware of the wonderful and vital part played by worms in the cultivation of the soil. The experienced gardener likes to see a good lob worm in every spadeful of earth he turns up, for it is a sign that the soil is healthy. But few people appreciate that without worms the cultivation of the soil would be almost impossible.

Worms cultivate the soil in a number of ways. They are great tunnellers. It is estimated that the 2,500,000 or so worms found in every acre of healthy soil drive tunnels totalling 70,000 miles in length every year. Think of that in terms of drainage and aeration of the soil!

The late Sir J. Arthur Thomson once watched a worm at work dragging pieces of leaf down into its hole. In a comparatively short time the worm had withdrawn 91 pieces of leaf.

Multiply this by the number of worms to the acre, and you will appreciate what worms do to add humus to the soil. Some of the leaf is consumed by the worm, but much is left to "manure" the soil and improve its quality.

At the same time the worm is carrying up from the ground good top soil. The soil from which they have extracted the nourishment they require the worms throw up to the surface—these "worm casts" are familiar to gardeners, who dislike them on the lawn.

The process is equivalent to ploughing. The amount of earth brought up by each worm is trifling, but multiply by the number of worms and you have tons of soil being brought to the surface every year.

The great Charles Darwin, who was the first man to study the part played by worms in horticulture scientifically, estimated the amount of top soil produced as ten tons to the acre a year! And Darwin was working on an average of only 53,000 worms to the acre.

In the course of a few years, by continually bringing up the earth and burying stones, sticks, and other debris, the worms can transform the quality of a piece of land.

These casts are not simply fine earth. Because they have passed through the worm they are rich in the chemicals which plants need to flourish, and, moreover, in a state in which the plants can assimilate them.

Some years ago Edgar Wallace wrote a strikingly imaginative story about a man who wanted to destroy all the worms in the world. This madman would, of course, have completely destroyed the fertility of the earth and ended life through starvation.

Except on lawns, where they object to the casts, few gardeners deliberately kill worms.

But there is no doubt that we are "accidentally" killing them by the million with artificial manures and poison sprays. Many leading agricultural experts are genuinely concerned about what may be the long-range effect.

It is the destruction of the worms by starvation and chemicals that leads them to urge for greater use being made of farmyard manures and vegetable composts. These feed the worms, which in turn feed the plants.

USELESS EUSTACE



"I'm afraid you'll have to take us as you find us, sir! Last night's exercises were un-armed combat!"

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

WE know that American collectors do not pay half the respect to shade differences as collectors in this country. I find in the New York paper, "Stamps," some notes on colour by F. Walter Pollock, which have an interest apart from their debunking aspect, and as they appear to be well-informed, I make some quotations here.

There isn't one collector out of a million (says Mr. Pollock) who has the equipment, or the knowledge, to enable him to make a scientific and accurate separation of shades according to the three classifications of hue, value and chroma. The other 999,999 use their eyes, a most inaccurate, deceptive and crude instrument under the most favourable conditions, and certainly not enhanced in reliability by colour-blindness, colour-ignorance, astigmatism, myopia and artificial lighting.

In the second place, the generality of collectors don't even know what colour is: that there is actually no such thing as colour in the absolute sense. The impression of colour is dependent upon the co-relation of three factors: the observer, the observed, and the medium by which they are brought together. Thus, an article which we call red is simply an article which, by its natural condition or as the result of its treatment or manipulation, absorbs to itself all light waves except those of a certain length, which, when reflected towards the eye of the observer, produce the colour-sensation or reaction to which our language assigns the three letters "red."

It will thus be seen that colour-impressions are distinctly variable according to the nature and character of the light-medium, and according to the perception of the observer, whether human or instrumental. With particular reference to the study of stamps, the reflection to the observer of the light-waves of a certain colour-frequency may be altered or modified by differences in the quality or the texture of the paper.

Moreover, the human observer is inaccurate because of his too great capacity for observation. His reactions to a certain shade may be modified by the influence of background, and in this respect his greater intelligence and his greater receptiveness to impressions render him less accurate than an instrument possessing what I might term "single-track-mindedness."

One of the greatest defects in the human eye is its inability to polarise colour-impressions. Mix yellow and blue in the proper proportions, and we can see neither, but instead we receive a colour-impression to which we assign the name "green." But green is in the spectrum, and so may not be as good an example as "brown," which is a name we have devised to hide our inability to distinguish between the red or yellow and the black of which it is compounded.

In the early days of stamp production, when a new printing was ordered, a new pot of ink was stirred up, and the onus of making the colour and shade of the new batch conform to the old probably fell on the shoulders of some old near-sighted coddler stuck away in a corner and working under gas-light.

To-day, however, inks are composed from stable synthetics, compounded by strict formula, and checked under fluorescent lamps. The varieties observed (or imagined) to-day rarely reflect variations in the ink itself, but rather are attributable to other influences and condition, such as the greater or lesser dampening of the paper, variations in the surrounding humidity and temperature, length of time the paper was in contact with the plate, etc.

Even when the variation arises from some alteration in the "fluidity" of the ink, as when there is too much or too little vehicle, there is no change in pigmentation. One of the most prolific causes of "shades" is plate wear, whereby a thinner film of ink is deposited, and so the underlying paper is not covered to the same depth and completeness, and thus a "rare light shade is discovered!"

In this column are illustrated an Eire commemorative of the centenary of Brother Ignatius Rice, founder of the Christian Brothers, issued on August 29; a Dutch Curacao Air Mail stamp, one of a set of eight carrying a surcharge for the Red Cross; and a French pictorial depicting Chemonceaux.



**Good
Morning**

Yours Sincerely, H.M.S. Forth



Some of the crew of H.M. Submarine "Trident" snapped by "Good Morning's" ace-camera-man, "Fuse" Wilson (the libellous reason why he's called "Fuse" is told by Ron Richards in his account of a visit to H.M.S. "Forth" on the front page). Well to the fore are S.P.O. Willie Garlick and E.R.A. Johnny Birnie. Richards didn't get all the names on account of he'd met up with some "half and halves"—but we expect you can pick 'em out for yourselves.



The Pin-up Editor was bucked to see this—means his job's safe for at least another month! All in the office admire the genius in "Trident" who stuck Ginger Rogers on the bottle. Was it you, A.B. Eddie Gallagher? Every time it's sippers, it's "bottoms up" all right!



This is our editor's favourite picture! Here's the evidence of his own eyes that the boys in "Forth" are interested enough to pin "Good Morning" on the notice board. That's removed some ugly doubts he had of the precise use to which the paper was being put!



Here's the Spare Crew Mess Deck in H.M.S. "Forth" listening to "Fuse" Wilson saying "Watch the Birdie." We would have liked to have given all the names but that lug, Richards, didn't get around with his little notebook and pencil. More "half and halves," we suppose.

They've got the right idea about breakfast in the E.R.A.'s Mess. They pour it out of bottles.



C.P.O. Len Ashman seems to have found breakfast to his liking this morning in the P.O.'s Mess in H.M.S. "Forth." But, wait, who's that creeping into the left-hand corner of the picture. Why, if it isn't the old maestro, Ron Richards, himself—and without a glass in his hand.